

THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.

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THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN

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or
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News Summary.

Foreign.—Coalition Cabinet formed in Servia.—“Curst be he,” etc. don’t matter much; it is the Mayor and Council of Stratford-on-Avon, who stop it after all.—Denied that the Pope is ill.

Madrid cheers Alfonso, whom Paris hissed—King Milan receives his ministers’ resignations; too many kings and queens over there; have to call them after cities and such things like steam-boats—Langton and Patterson open singers and play-actors to no end—all sailing hitherward with dollars in their eyes, and no particular character on their backs—Germany National monument unveiled at Neiderwald.—Successor to Pere Beckx, Jesuit General, elected; no name given.

Domestic.—Pittsburg Exhibition building and contents, probably \$1,000,000 worth, destroyed by fire.—Hinda Rose, little three-year-old, trotted in 2:30, beating the record; Jay-Eye-See (initials of J. I. Case) beat St. Julian in poor time; Hosmer sculled past the record in 20:33 at Hulton, Pa.; Dr. Shine taken to asylum, crazy; Judge Hoadly made a campaign speech: all the sporting news in a paragraph!—Oh, we forgot! All Philadelphia turned out to welcome the Athletic B. C. C.; 8000 men in line.—Mgr. Capel lectured in Brooklyn and New York, and Adirondack Murray in New York; and as appendix to the other items, it may be mentioned that Talmage had a fit of blasphemy about the last judgment.—Burglars in Netherwood: good little dog wakes man; good little man fires pistol; bad little burglars run away; terrible little lamp tips over and burns up house; sharp little detectives think somebody was shot with a bullet, but can’t find him—Mayor Low of Brooklyn willing to run again; deserves to be re-elected.—Bridge cars hitch and jerk along, and finally take to running pretty decently.—American Institute Fair is open.—Chisholm on trial in Newark.—Snow in New Hampshire and Vermont.—A. B. C. F. M. meeting in Detroit.—Newspapermen threaten to boycott the *Herald*; much enthusiasm over a meeting held on the subject.—New two-cent stamps issued and boomerang.—Butler and Butler’s friends making it hot in Massachusetts.—Justin D. Fulton having failed lately to hold his tongue, now pitches into “Romanism”; it is a toss-up whether he or Talmage is most before the public.—Com. Gorringe, of obelisk fame, now a shipbuilder, launches his first iron steamer at Port Richmond.—State of New York wins against W. U. Tel Co.; damages, \$178,397.—Dr. Henry C. Potter accepts Assistant Episcopate of New York.—Henry Barnum, New Haven, dead.

About Town.

Mr. Jos. Eyleand, is erecting a new dwelling on Thoinas Street.

Excelsior Lodge, Knights of Honor, in this place, now contains 73 members in good standing.

Mr. Terhune, the travelling photographer, has located his car near the Centre.

Mr. Geo. W. Wilcox returned from his summer residence to his home at Glen Ridge, on Friday.

Mr. Geo. Cadmus is adding one and a half stories to his house on Bloomfield Avenue. Is half a story less than the whole truth?

Mr. C. D. M. Peele was at Newfoundland a few days during the first of the week.

Prof. Pederit, of the Seminary, who has been quite ill with bilious intermittent fever, is now improving.

Mr. E. P. Mitchell, of Glen Ridge, one of the editors of the *Sun*, has returned from the Villard excursion on the Northern Pacific R. R.

The Orange Water Company were to break ground for the water pipes on Friday, just about the time we went to press.

James Powers, who was indicted by the Grand Jury for wife beating, pleaded guilty to the charge on Wednesday. The sentence has not been administered as yet. It ought to be laid on with a cat o’ nine tails.

The Powers estate, on Glenwood and Linden Avenues, has been improved by a new fence. The board walk needs attention badly, and it is hoped it will also be either repaired, or replaced soon.

“Jim,” said Bill, “What do you think of Joe? Can you rely on his being truthful?”

“Well, now,” says Bill, “that depends; but if I owed the Devil forty lars, and I had only Joe to pay him with, and he wouldn’t call it square, I’d own up badly beat.”

In the severe storm of last Sunday night, a great fire ball fell upon a vacant lot on Glenwood Avenue, not very far south of the railroad station. It is described as being accompanied with a terrific peal of thunder, and as bursting, when it struck the ground, into thousands of glittering fragments, none of which, however, did any damage.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage says he has no idea that he wishes to go to heaven in a Pullman car. It is the first time, since the days of Nathaniel Hawthorne, that we have been able to get an authentic information on the subject of the Celestial Railroad. We thought from one of the gentleman’s recent sermons, that he had no objection how people went

thither provided he went along, and the Brooklyn Tabernacle were recognized as the Grand Central Terminus at this end of the line.

Anybody who is troubled about sewage in Bloomfield when water gets in, ought to have seen the men at work excavating the cellar of the new building on Broad Street. They began next morning immediately after the deluge.

The Gallagher estate have issued a contract to continue Clark Street to Bloomfield Avenue. This makes a very direct and short way from Glen Ridge into the centre of town.

“Old Fan” (Batholomew’s horse) departed this life on Wednesday morning last. Cause of death supposed to be general breaking up of her system from old age she being in her 32d year. Twenty-one of these years she has resided in Bloomfield. Her original color was jet black, but changed rapidly the last few years to gray. She was bred in Canada, and was strong, tough, and spunky. She retired from service some few years since, but enjoyed good health up to the day of her death. As she was one of our oldest equine residents and well known to many of us, we deem this notice to be of interest.

At about 7 P. M. Sunday, during the heavy shower, the residence of Mr. Fred. Dower, on Thomas Street, was struck by lightning, damaging the building to the amount of about \$250.00. The family narrowly escaped injury. Mrs. Dower, who was sitting by the fire-place, was thrown from her chair, but not seriously injured. The electric fluid first struck the chimney and followed it to the second story, where a part of the wall was torn away. Pictures hanging on the wall were thrown across the room, the weather boards were torn away, and the studding badly shattered. The walls in every room in the house were cracked more or less. In the first story the bolt passed through the heart to the cellar, where it played havoc with the things in its course. The foundation of the house is shattered badly. The violent rain which followed immediately preceded the building from burning.

The veteran lecturer John B. Gough is advertised to speak in Montclair, on Tuesday evening of next week. His lecture is the old favorite, “Peculiar People,” over which so many of us have laughed and cried. But Gough’s lectures—except for a few salient features—are scarcely twice alike, and it is no loss, rather a gain, to hear the same thing in title, for it is never the same in fact. We observe that the Congregational Church is to be used for the occasion, and that Marsh the Druggist has tickets with reserved seats at 75 cents. We also observe that Mr. Gough’s recent appearances have been very favorably criticized. There never was more than one Gough, while other stars have risen and set, his unabated popularity has been the marvel of the American platform.

Montgomery Gas.

Leon Abbott has a habit of making up the slate; He says he’ll pay ‘em if they slay ‘em, When he’s Governor of the State.

But Jon’than Dixon, he is fixin’ Up another little game;

He hon’t blab it, tain’t his habit,

But it’s working all the same.

The question of the hour: Will Leon Abbott, if elected, do anything to abate monopolies? Many persons are willing to make a bet that he will not.

Some of the chemical mill hands have had malaria—and yet this is where quinine is manufactured. This is not a fair shake. But the cause malarial in their own pond.

Another steel mill is about to be established in Belleville. Why is a steel mill like a gin mill? Because they both deal in hardware, and some of their products are rolled in gutters.

The roads in one or two places about here are so narrow that a team cannot turn around without backing. This is a serious drawback, and if a lady were driving might gutter in the ditch.

The Sunday fishermen who have lined the borders of Second River during the summer will soon be banished in. The only bites they will get will be frost-bites, or a nip from the black bottle generally carried in their baskets. This nuisance shall be abated.

It would be a welcome sight, if one would razor barber pole down here; of course we all can and do get shaved in Bloomfield, but would prefer to have our trimming and scraping done nearer home; other small places have this convenience, it ought to be our turn next.

The apple crop has dropped out very poorly this year. Even the fields of Campbells are nowhere. Where the cider is to come from, is a question that is applicable to the circumstances. Perhaps the chemical works could make a little from diluted sulphuric acid, that would be as wholesome as that made from worms and rotten apples picked up in a cow pasture.

A Montgomery boy some years ago went West to seek his fortune. Upon his arrival at his brother’s farm, his cash assets amounted to two dollars. With this he bought a pig. This pig multiplied and increased, and mixed with his brother’s drives. After a time our wide awake Montgomeyrite claimed the larger part of the drove and sold them. This gave him a start, and to-day he owns a farm of 1,000 acres; has made \$44,000 in three years; owns the fastest colt in Illinois, and is generally prosperous. Moral: Go West, young man, and buy a pig.

Why cannot Montgomery have a singing school this winter? We have several uproot singers and base bawlers here now, who can run the gamut and do very well faw so las, but if their organs were tuned up they might, with a little sharp practice, duet on a higher scale. There are tenor a dozen young persons here with good voices, who would like an opportunity to improve their natural talents. Others would probably join in and help to swell the chorus, and then, once again, we could make the welkin ring, as in the days of yore.

A short narrative: A poor little doggy went to sleep on the rail. The cars came along and cut off his tail. This

poor little doggy felt very bad, because it was the only little tail that he had. If this dog was to sue for damages, he would probably found his claim on the curtailment of his rights, or claim that his waggin was injured, while the railroad company could plead extenuating circumstances or extreme carelessness.

This case is now ended and is not to be continued. As an appendage to the above, some one asks, If a calf gets its tail in its mouth, is both ends meet? Veal, it is.

Belleville and Franklin are fighting about the payment of certain railroad bonds. A synopsis of the case is as follows: Montgomery once a part of Woodside; Woodside bonded for the benefit of the N. Y. & G. L. R. R.; Woodside swallowed by Newark; Montgomery returns to her first love, Belleville; Belleville assumes her share of the bonds. Franklin secedes from Belleville, and now kicks against paying her share of said bonds. Belleville and Franklin do the fighting; Montgomery gets the benefit, as without the bonds she would have had no railroad. This bond business is an interesting affair, but Bloomfield of course takes no interest in it.

Hans Von Dunderbunkum, who is looking over your correspondent’s shoulder while writing these items, wants to know who wants to read such sonnets as “Viv’ne geus?” says Hans: “Dot’s vot a newspaper is made for.” I hand him my stylographic pen and tell him to write the last item himself: “Mr. CITIZEN—Ergydings is quiet in Soho. Pusness is not so poopy good as it used to vas. Te Harrison place vas got a tenant. Te chemical mill makes all kints of acids. Dey was tryin to make a new road through Montgomery to Franklin. Mr. Colwell, from to West, vas here last week; he tol to Bruen vanilly (dot Ploomfield beopies all remember) vas all vell, rich, unt happy. Te vells was full of vater again. Pumpkin pies vas gettin’ ripe. Mr. Larue preaches on Wednesday evenings in the schoolhouse. Daddy Baker made another horse trade. J. D.’s mustrechers grow so fast he has to trim them twice a week. Te fine new weather-boards on te schoolhouse vasent painted yet. Dot vas all de news—but see if Hanc can make a comanderoun: Vy must all te horses get out of te vay when te Ploomfield Fire Company turns out? Because then vy is for men. Vy is die Ploomfield Burger like die Ploomfield Aufder post? Because it is oberhaupt for neukieus. Peacudear are veile of breife in wendik. Warum dey jede passieren durch jedes onderde.” Here I took the pen away from this spluttering Dutch man, or there would be no telling what wretched conundrum he would perpetrate next.

GASBAG.

Montclair.

The forethought and liberality of our Township Committee, in the erection and fitting up of Montclair Firemen’s Hall (for description see last week’s *Times*) was well exemplified on Tuesday evening last, when at 8:15 o’clock the Presbyterian church bell rang out the dread but long expected alarm of fire. The members of the “Hook” responded, and the truck, with ropes well manned and with the aid of a team, started on its long and hard pull up hill to the scene of the fire—about two miles from quarters.

The fire was found to be at the residence of Mr. J. F. Brown on Gates Ave near Mountain Ave., and was occasioned by an explosion of gasoline and the consequent firing of the tank. The extinguishers were used; a bucket line formed; and after an hour’s hard work the fire was extinguished, without any especial damage outside of the tank.

Mr. Brown in returning thanks to the company invited them to meet him at the Mansion House later in the evening, at which time he gave a substantial reward.

Now, is it not time for some move to be made by the Town Committee regarding quarters? A tax has been levied and is now being collected to erect a suitable house, viz, town hall, jail, and quarters for the truck, and yet all that has been done, as far as the public knows, is to appoint a committee to select a site, so that the boys will see we are doing “something.”

Montclair fire matters have not had the push and vim of Bloomfield—but it seems as if the time had come for a move all along the line for a better appreciation of the facilities afforded, viz, a company of men well officered and drilled, which is furnished free to the town, and yet no public action by the Town Committee has been taken to even recognize the existence of the company—excepting to pay a bill presented to it by the Company for the expenses of fitting up the present quarters, so that the truck might be stored there.

The Essex County Hunt.

The meets for this month are as follows: To day, Oct. 6th, 4 P. M., Main entrance to Llewellyn Park; Wednesday, Oct. 10th, 4 P. M., Bloomfield; Saturday, Oct. 13th, 3:30 P. M., Residence of John Burke Esq., Llewellyn Park; Wednesday, Oct. 17th, 4 P. M., water works, East Orange; Saturday, Oct. 20th, 7:30 A. M., Glen Ridge Station; Wednesday, Oct. 24th, 3:30 P. M., St. Cloud; Saturday, Oct. 27th, 3:30 P. M., School house, Montclair; Wednesday, Oct. 31st, 7:30 A. M., Watseking.

Township Committee.

The Township Committee held their regular monthly meeting on Wednesday evening. Messrs. Farrand, Dodd, and Hayes were present. Mr. John Sherman and Mr. Thos. Oakes being absent.

A petition was presented by Dr. Davis and Mr. Charles M. Davis, requesting that the grade of the sidewalk on Franklin Street, between Fremont Street and Montgomery Street, might be changed so as to conform more nearly to the grade of the roadway between those points. As it appeared that the old grade had once been fixed by the Township Committee, it was voted to fix a new grade, provided the petition should be signed by all the property owners interested.

Dr. Davis stated that all these signatures could be obtained, so Mr. Jos. K. Hayes was directed to make the necessary survey.

Rev. Father Nardiello appeared before the Committee, and requested that measures be taken to secure a sufficient drain-

age for surface water which comes through State and Liberty Streets.

On motion the matter was referred to a special committee composed of Messrs. Oakes, Hayes, and Dodd.

On motion the committee adjourned.

Bloomfield’s Nimrods.

Messrs. Johnson, Sherman, Langstroth and Davis, who arrived home last week from a fortnight’s tramp in the Shawangunk mountains, report game as very abundant, having bagged a large number of partridges, woodcock, and wild pigeons; in fact, the game was so plentiful that one of the party is said to have killed three partridge and seven wild pigeons with only blank shells in his breech loader. The fishing was excellent, the boys having caught the largest pickerel of the season, weighing 94 pounds; the average weight of the catch that day was 4½ pounds. The party visited the Orange County Fair, at Middletown, N. Y. Through the courtesy of the Chief of the Middletown Fire Department the boys were shown the apparatus of the different truck houses, and speak very highly of the department in general.

They were very much pleased with the country, and will not soon forget the hospitality of Mr. Geo. H. Olcott, proprietor of the Olcott House, Wurtsboro, Sullivan County, N. Y. where they made their headquarters. As one of the party has not yet arrived, it is presumed he is coming on foot, as his limited ticket has.

P. S.—He is now here. No further remarks.

Bloomfield Republicans.

An adjourned meeting of Bloomfield Republicans was held at Wilde’s Hall on Thursday evening. The rain of last week was so severe as to prevent a large attendance, and Thursday evening was the time at which the Nominating Committee appointed on the previous Friday, were expected to report. This committee consisted of Walter A. Freeman, chairman, Charles M. Davis, Capt. Price, Grant Wheeler, and Jas. T. Dawes. The report recommended the following officers for the permanent organization: President, Prof. C. M. Davis; Vice-Presidents, G. Lee Stout, John G. Keyler, D. G. Garbantry, James C. Beach, Geo. W. Cook, Thomas Oakes, William Ellett, and Thos. McGowan; Secretary, M. W. Jones; Treasurer, Henry P. Doid. A Finance Committee of six was also appointed, and an Executive Committee of forty. Arrangements were made to canvass each portion of the district. Friday evenings were selected as the time, and Wilde’s Hall as the place, of the regular meetings. For reasons which we give elsewhere, regret this last action and hope to see it promptly changed.

“We know not what a day may bring forth,” but if it is a rainy one, we may be pretty certain it will be a crop of umbrellas and waterproofs—or if sunshiny, a well-dressed crowd.

A burglar, sticking fast in a cellar window in Milford, the other day, exclaimed: “I’ve been in many a tight place in my life, but never in such a scrape as this”—and he literally scratched the flesh off his bones ere he found himself free of the window, but in the grasp of a policeman.

A correspondent of the *Herald* asks: “Can figures lie?” From actual optical demonstration we know that one representing Prince Bismarck did lie for several minutes on the pavement in front of a Bowery clothing store the other day, to the detriment of the ten dollar overcoat in which the counterfeit of the distinguished Anti-American Pork was encased.

An associated press report—the lo ud sounding kiss. (Between two school girls, of course.)

“This is watermelon seizin’” said Pompey as he hastened “by moonlight alone” from his neighbor’s patch to his own shanty.

In some districts of this great and glorious country, harvester and other laborers in the field are supplied with refreshment, in the form of molasses and water to drink. We think it probable that the districts are few in number and limited in area where this primitive beverage is spiritual enough to satisfy the inner consciousness of laboring men, but such do exist, and the farm of Mr. Slick was one.

The next morning after the ministerial party mentioned in our last, Mr. S. and Pete set out for the field, carrying a jug of molasses and water, which, being what it was, was carelessly deposited minus a cork, on the grass, while they went about their work.

Soon in the course of natural events the farmer became thirsty, and brushing away the bees